February 18, 2012
YAMAHA
FRAGILE

a true novel)

It has been said that the wisdom of the Ancients several guises. This is the story of only one pers

Adventures Ch

True World Order.

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Chapter 1

Swami Vishnu stood chuckling softly and, as the man stood before him with his hands togethe the attitude of prayer, the teacher pressed his own palms together to offer salutation to devotee.

Talking excitedly, the Guru said he was at the point in his life when all he wanted to do chant God's name.

As he continued towards the ferry, Swami Vishnu suddenly pinned his eyes on me.

In a flash, he was upon me, beaming a smile that seemed etched permanently on his broad har face. Looking deeply into my eyes, he shot several questions at me rapid-fire: "Hello! How you? What is your name? Where are you from?"

He didn't seem to recognize me from among the local news persons who'd interviewed him for Berlin Wall peace flight, but learning that I was a reporter, he instructed me: "Keep comin the ashram. And write an article about Yoga!"

Turning to one of his attendants, Swami Vishnu asked her to accompany me to the closed bout open it and give me a selection of his books.

No words can describe my state of ecstasy after having gazed into his eyes and bathed in hi smile. As I swooned, clutching three Yoga books, the Guru's attendant politely hurried me "Could you walk a little faster please? Swamiji's getting ready to leave now."

Only then did I snap out of my dreamlike world and hurry down to the ferry, boarding it alo with the Guru and others.

The Yoga teacher seemed to have now transformed into a military commander. He wore a stern and his eyes seemed to examine every detail of his ashram's operations. Every now and then crisply issued instructions to one or the other of his disciples.

I would later learn that the Guru came to the path of Yoga while a teenager in the Indian Following an argument with fellow soldiers that unsettled him deeply, the then-Thanka Swamy (Golden Master) rummaged through a trash basket and found a pamphlet entitled: "The Science Seven Cultures for the Quick Evolution of the Human Soul" by his soon-to-be-master, Swami Sivananda.

As I would also do with his book, Swami Vishnu began practising Yoga using the pamphlet. Secretly, in his army tent at night.

While working for the Tribune Newspaper in the Bahamas, and living with my mother's spinste aunt - Jane Johnson of Delancy Street - I would practice secretly in the darkened living ro night.

This went on until one night the lights suddenly snapped on. Aunt Jane, shocked, asked: "Co What are you doing?"

Then she commented: "Child, you should be trying to fill your head. Not empty it."

But back to Swami Vishnu's departure from his Paradise Island Yoga Retreat.

On the main island of New Providence, other devotees were waiting to bid the Guru farewell Again he laughingly greeted all and then climbed into a waiting taxi for the trip to the airport.

But before the cabbie could pull off, devotees and disciples surrounded the taxi and took chant together. It was the Mahamrityanjaya chant, an ancient Sanskrit prayer used by the Gu whenever departing on a trip: "We worship the Three-Eyed-One who is fragrant. May He libera from death, even as the cucumber is liberated from the creeper."

On and on the chant went, invoking peace and other blessings for all, and I couldn't help admire the Bahamian taxi-man's calm patience. Swami Vishnu sat in the taxi with head bowed eyes closed as the beautiful throaty sounds washed over us.

As I watched my future Guru pull away in the cab, with several years still to come before understood the chant or quit as my paper's sub-editor and joined the Yoga teacher's mission knew I could not have been more ecstatic.

As I look back, I see the tell-tale signs of his grace and guidance.

Chapter 2

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